

Great Loss of Life by Allied Forces in Australia

President to Make Appeal to States for Greater Food Saving

Critical Situation of Allied Countries Set Forth in Preliminary Statement by Food Administrator Hoover—Quotes Cablegram from Lord Rhonda Pointing Out Absolute Necessity of at Least 75,000,000 Bushels of Wheat Over and Above What Has Been Exported up to Jan. 1 and in Addition to the Exportable Surplus of Canada.

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)
WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Greater saving of food will be asked of the American people by President Wilson Saturday in a proclamation announcing the food administration's 1918 conservation program. The critical situation in the Allied countries and the amount of food the United States is expected to spare them was set forth in a preliminary statement Friday evening by Food Administrator Hoover.

"Unless you are able to send the Allies at least 75,000,000 bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January 1, and in addition to the exportable surplus from Canada, I cannot take the responsibility of assuring our people that there will be enough food to win the war."

Food Conservation
Although the food conservation plan contemplates creating the surplus largely by voluntary methods, some measures of forced conservation must be employed, notably in the consumption of wheat flour, which will be limited by arbitrary means to 100 per cent. This reduction will be maintained by rationing wheat and its products at the way from the mill to the retailer.

In giving the volume of exports he declared that no more food would be sent out of the country than is needed, and that in no event will the American people be asked to conserve more than is necessary for the imperative necessity. Lord Rhonda, of the Allied Forces, in a cable to the president, said that the people, regardless of national and individual sacrifices, have no fear of the food shortage.

SANDISON BLOCK CUTTED BY FIRE WHICH CAUSES DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT SOME \$30,000

J. H. Morris' Grocery Principal Suffered—Serious Loss Also Sustained by the Imperial Studio Adjoining the Morris Block—Flames Also Made Their Way Into Palm Billiard Room—Fire Supposed to Have Originated in the Basement of the Morris Block.

Fire which raged in the Sandison block, 927 Jasper avenue, throughout the greater part of the evening, caused damage estimated at \$25,000 to \$30,000. The principal loss was experienced by J. H. Morris, who owns the grocery store, where thousands of pounds of valuable goods were destroyed, including food, clothing, and other merchandise. The Imperial studio, adjoining the grocery store, was also destroyed. Working men, who were in the building at the time, escaped without injury. The fire was caused by a gas stove in the basement of the Morris block. The fire was extinguished by the fire department, but the damage was extensive.

The loss is covered by insurance on building and stock. The building is in two sections, part of which is generally known as the Morris block. The earlier building was erected in 1903 by the late Charles Sandison, and sold some time ago to J. H. Morris by Mrs. Sandison.

Originated in Basement
The fire is supposed to have originated as a result of overheated furnace in the basement of the Morris block. There is a large room in the basement of the Morris block, which is used for storage of goods. It is supposed that the fire started in this room, and spread to the other parts of the building. The fire was extinguished by the fire department, but the damage was extensive.

All Milling Concerns Must Obtain License From Food Controller—Limiting Profits
The food controller has issued orders requiring all milling concerns to obtain a license from the food controller. The license will limit the profits of these mills, and will also require them to keep a record of the amount of wheat and flour they produce. The food controller has also issued orders requiring all milling concerns to keep a record of the amount of wheat and flour they produce.

CONFERENCE AT PARIS
Paris, Jan. 25.—Premier Lloyd George of the British war cabinet is coming to Paris tomorrow to meet the French premier, Georges Clemenceau. The meeting will coincide with the meeting of the Allied war cabinet. The meeting is expected to discuss the situation in the Allied countries, and the amount of food that the United States is expected to spare them.

HOW LONDON VIEWS TEUTON PEACE REPLIES

Sees Signs of Independence on the Part of Austria

GERMANY AND THE CASE OF BELGIUM

Washington Sees No Advance Towards Peace in Proposals

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)
LONDON, Jan. 25.—The first impression created in London by the views of the British cabinet on the replies of the German government to the British proposals for peace, is that the German government is not serious in its proposals. The British cabinet has received the German replies, and has found them to be unsatisfactory. The British cabinet has also received the German proposals for peace, and has found them to be unsatisfactory.

No Minuting of Words
I have not minuted the words of the German replies, and I am not minuting the words of the German proposals. I am not minuting the words of the German replies, and I am not minuting the words of the German proposals.

Very Wary
The British cabinet is very wary of the German proposals. The British cabinet is very wary of the German proposals. The British cabinet is very wary of the German proposals.

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APPEAL FOR AID FOR SUFFERERS FROM MINE EXPLOSION

Families and Dependents of 85 Men Will Need Help, Says Mayor

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)
ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 25.—The mayor of St. Louis issued the following appeal:
"The families and dependents of 85 men who have been killed in the disastrous explosion in the Alton shaft will require assistance during the next three months and the situation is such that it is imperative that the city of St. Louis should make provision for their immediate assistance. It would be a disgrace if the city of St. Louis should fail to do this."

63 BODIES IN STELLARTON MINE STILL UNRECOVERED
At Ten o'Clock Last Night 23 Had Been Brought to Surface

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)
HALIFAX, Jan. 25.—At 10 o'clock Friday night 23 bodies had been brought to the surface. The bodies were found in the Stellarton mine, which had been closed for some time.

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EDMONTON TO GET NEXT U.F.A. CONVENTION

Delegates Declare Strongly in Favor of Existing Plan

OPPOSITION TO ORIENTAL LABOR
Resolution Passed Against Alien Labor of Any Description

(By Bulletin Staff Reporter)
CALGARY, Jan. 25.—Edmonton will get next year's convention of the United Farmers of Alberta (U.F.A.). The convention, which is being held in Calgary, has passed a resolution opposing the use of Oriental labor.

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Queensland Seaport Overwhelmed Tidal Wave After Cyclone

Heavy Loss of Life Feared—Forteen Bodies Already Recovered—Property Damage Estimated—\$3,000,000 of Sugar Stored in Town—Call for Food and Other Assistance for Stricken Community.

(By Morning Bulletin Special Wire)
SYDNEY, N.S.W., Jan. 25.—The town of Mackay, in Queensland, has been overwhelmed by a cyclone which produced a tidal wave and flood conditions. Heavy loss of life is feared. Fourteen bodies have already been recovered. There is a call for food and other assistance for the stricken community. Property damage was heavy, especially to the stocks of sugar, of which more than \$3,000,000 worth was stored in the town. The state authorities are arranging for relief measures.

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Russ, Army Utterly Demoralized Says Chief After Investigation Of Conditions at Various Fronts

No Opposition Possible in Event of German Offensive — Few Soldiers Left Along Front, and Reserves Refuse to Go Back — At Places Only 240 Infantrymen Are Along Mile of Defensive Fronts

Petrograd, Jan. 25.—Major General Bunch, heavily armed chief of staff at the Russian front, paints a gloomy picture on the conditions of the Russian army, in a report to the design Kriyenko, the commander-in-chief. The army organizations are utterly demoralized, he says, the officers are inexperienced and the maintenance of discipline is impossible. The only possible salvation for the army, the only chance for offering an effective resistance, he declares, is a thorough reorganization of the units under trained leaders. Many parts of the western front

ENEMY R A D FRENCH LINES BEATEN BACK

Considerable Tension Hostile Aerial Activity on Italian Front Without Effect

PARIS, Jan. 25.—The statement issued tonight by the war office follows: The French army, after several days of fighting, has beaten back the enemy's attack on the French lines. The enemy's attack was repulsed with considerable losses. The French army is now in a position to launch a counter-attack. The Italian front is also quiet. There is considerable tension, but no effect has been produced. The German army is still in a position to launch a counter-attack. The French army is now in a position to launch a counter-attack.

Buoyant Financial Conditions Shown by Totals Canadian Banks

Edmonton, Jan. 25.—The bank statement issued yesterday by the finance department indicates buoyant financial conditions. The assets of the Canadian banks are at a record high. The liabilities are also at a record high. The Canadian banks are in a position to launch a counter-attack. The Canadian banks are in a position to launch a counter-attack.

OFFICIALS TO MAKE COUNTS ON MONDAY NEXT

Figures in West and East Edmonton to be Tallyed Up by Returning Officers

The official counts of the federal election returns for West and East Edmonton are to be made on Monday next. The returning officers will be in a position to make the counts. The returning officers will be in a position to make the counts.

YOUTH GETS TWO YEARS ON CHARGE FORGERY IN CITY

Anthony O'Donnell, the nineteen-year-old returned soldier, who was recently convicted of forgery and sentenced to two years in the reformatory, was today sentenced to two years in the reformatory. The judge found the evidence against the defendant to be overwhelming. The judge found the evidence against the defendant to be overwhelming.

A Home Recipe for Wrinkled, Saggy Skin

The famous anti-wrinkle cream, recommended by the specialists for removing wrinkles and for restoring the skin to its natural condition, is now available in a new and improved form. The new cream is made from the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to be effective. The new cream is made from the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to be effective.

DO NOT SEEK BARGAINS IN DENTISTRY!

The best is none too good when it comes to the preservation or replacement of your teeth. During the long years of our practice it has been our privilege to attend to the dental requirements of many Alberta families. Keeping abreast of the times; grasping each improvement in dental science as it arose, we have endeavored to minister to the needs of each member of the family. The confidence thus repaid we never betray. To each case we devote the utmost of our skill, using only the best selected high-grade materials, and although we do not believe in "dental bargains," there is never a question of our moderate fee. We do our dental approach us in fear and dread. The experience of others has taught them that.

DENTISTRY AS WE PRACTICE IT IS A GENTLE ART

BRUNER & REEVES
CRYSTAL BLOCK, EDMONTON, ALTA.

WHEAT AND OATS LESS 1917 HAIN 1916-ACREAGE UNDER CULTIVATION ALSO LESS

Last Year the Total Production of Wheat Was 233,742,880 Bushels Compared with 267,781,000 in 1916 and of Oats 403,009,800 Bushels Against 410,211,000 in 1916. There Was an Increased Yield of Barley, 55,507,750 Bushels Against 42,770,000.

OTTAWA, Jan. 25.—The census and 1917 figures for the wheat and oat crops of Canada for the season of 1917, as compared with 1916, are as follows: The total yield of wheat for Canada was 233,742,880 bushels, as compared with 267,781,000 in 1916. The total yield of oats for Canada was 403,009,800 bushels, as compared with 410,211,000 in 1916. The yield of barley for Canada was 55,507,750 bushels, as compared with 42,770,000 in 1916.

PILOTAGE SYSTEMS AT HALIFAX WILL BE INVESTIGATED

OTTAWA, Jan. 25.—The minister of justice, J. D. McCreary, has announced that the pilotage system at Halifax will be investigated. The investigation will be conducted by a committee of the House of Commons. The committee will be in a position to make the investigation.

JOINT PRODUCTION PORK AND CREAM URGED AT DAVENPORT

Banner Oats 42% Lbs. and Seeger Oats 44% Lbs.—Only Bushels at Fair

The tenth annual seal fair, under the auspices of the Davenport Agricultural Society, is now in progress. The fair is a success. The fair is a success.

MINERS WORKERS FOR GOVT. OWNERSHIP

Union Men Want, However, Permission to Make Collective Bargaining Agreements

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 25.—The miners of Indiana are in a position to make a collective bargaining agreement with the government. The miners are in a position to make a collective bargaining agreement with the government.

DELBOURNE CONSOLIDATED

The Delbourne Consolidated school board has decided to consolidate the schools in the district. The board has decided to consolidate the schools in the district.

HALIFAX RELIEF

There is Nothing For the Liver

—SO GOOD AS MILBURN'S LAXATIVE PILLS

They will regulate the flow of bile from the liver, and thus prevent the accumulation of bile in the liver. They will regulate the flow of bile from the liver, and thus prevent the accumulation of bile in the liver.

PORT OF LONDON NOT CLOSED

LONDON, Jan. 25.—The report that the port of London will be closed is incorrect. The port of London is not closed. The port of London is not closed.

TORONTO RAISERS OVER \$400,000

ONTARIO, Jan. 25.—The Toronto Red Cross has raised over \$400,000 for the war effort. The Toronto Red Cross has raised over \$400,000 for the war effort.

GRAND TRUNK EARNINGS

OTTAWA, Jan. 25.—The Grand Trunk Railway has reported earnings for the month of January. The Grand Trunk Railway has reported earnings for the month of January.

You Have Heard T. A. King's Machines
and Ordinary Photographs, but have you heard the NEW EDISON DIAMOND AMBEROLA
? YOU'VE NOTICE A GREAT DIFFERENCE
In the Quality of the
Pictographs
Complete Stock of Records
C. E. GOURLAY
10241 Jasper Avenue (Opp. Hudson Bay) Phone 5541

EDMONTON TO GET NEXT U.F.A. CONVENTION
(Continued from Page One)
resolution and every delegate advised a desire to have the subject of the convention discussed. The convention will be held in Edmonton. The convention will be held in Edmonton.

Store and Office Fittings of Any Design Made to Order

Counters Refrigerators Wall Cases Show Cases
Cushing Bros. LIMITED
Factory Order Desk Phone 81325 — East Yard Phone 1538

HOW LONDON VIEWS THE PEACE REPLY

(Continued from Page One)
to the sympathies of the radical elements in the assembly. The peace reply was received with interest. The peace reply was received with interest.

SOVIET MEET TO DECIDE ON POLICY

Whether Russia Shall Be Governed by All Classes or by People's Dictator

PETROGRAD, Jan. 25.—(Delayed)—The third congress of the council of people's commissars is now in session. The congress is now in session.

HOME BURNED AT NAMOO

The home of Robert Kelly, a prominent citizen of Namoo, was burned to the ground as the result of a fire. The home of Robert Kelly, a prominent citizen of Namoo, was burned to the ground as the result of a fire.

CRIGHEIM RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT EDMONTON CLUB

CRIGHEIM, Jan. 25.—The president of the Crigheim Club has been re-elected. The president of the Crigheim Club has been re-elected.

RHINE INUNDATES CITY OF COLOGNE

Quantities of Provisions Stored in Cellars Destroyed—Troops Assist People

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—A flood reported in the Upper Rhine valley has destroyed quantities of provisions stored in cellars. The troops are assisting the people. The troops are assisting the people.

BOHEMIAN IN STATES

ST. JOHNS PAYS UP
ST. JOHN, N.B., Jan. 25.—A voluntary committee of men and women have raised \$50.00 for the benefit of the local Red Cross. The committee has raised \$50.00 for the benefit of the local Red Cross.

How to Suffer From Piles

It will cure you in 10 days and get you back to work in 10 days. It will cure you in 10 days and get you back to work in 10 days.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

BRUNER & REEVES
CRYSTAL BLOCK, EDMONTON, ALTA.

The Hudson's Bay Company.

Sale of 2,500 Women's Smart Blouses FOR SATURDAY

<p>At \$1.49:</p> <p>Twenty-two stunning models of Voile Blouses, finished with hemstitching, lace and embroidery; pretty trimmed collars; all sizes.</p>	<p>At \$2.95:</p> <p>Smart Jap silk and Voile Blouses; featuring the new smart tailored collars and all the dainty touches in a high-grade blouse.</p>
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<p>At \$1.95: Dainty Voile Blouses in all sizes; made with cluster tucks and Val lace insertion. An extra special value for Saturday buyers.</p>	<p>At \$3.95: A wonderful lot of heavy Jap silk and Crepe de Chine Blouses; prettily trimmed with tucks, embroidery and dainty buttons. All sizes.</p>
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GIRLS' COATS Two clearing lines will attract your attention Saturday. Just the coats the girls need for the winter. The coats will last for two or more seasons and prices will never be so low again.

Regular to \$60.00 coats, for **\$4.95**

Regular to \$150.00 coats, for **\$9.95**

Special Prices on Tapestry RUGS

Good quality English rugs; made from good wool yarns and of quite attractive pattern. The prices are actually **BELOW THE MANUFACTURER'S PRICE!** today.

Size 9'x12'. Regular \$19.50, for **\$13.50**

Size 9'x10'6". Regular \$17.00, for **\$12.50**

Size 9'x9'. Regular \$15.50, for **\$10.50**

Men's 12-inch High Top Elk Boots

Men with work that requires a wet-proof foot should lose no time in securing a pair of these. Made with 12-inch top from genuine American red elk, with full bellows tongue, two buckles at top; double viscolised sewed

\$7.45

Men's 10-inch High Top Boots **Curtain Nets**

A boot very suitable for farm and ordinary outside work. Made from heavy dark tan calf upper, full bellows tongue, two buckle tops with double vulcanized sewed soles; sizes 7 to 10. Regular \$7.00 value for **\$4.95**

Hundreds of yards of those pretty lace nets will be on the sale tables Saturday morning. House and garden use. See terms; others quite pronounced and designs. A wonderfully good affair.

Regular 50c Music Folios for 25c
Saturday sale of pianoforte, vocal, violin and organ classical studies. "Aug-
menting" all day for such a small price.
Saturday special, **25c**
per yard

new editions. In addition, the following composers, Hoffmann, Remong,
Schuler, Schuler, Hubert, Stahl, Weber, Leib, Stark and Various
other composers. Regular 50c folios for .. **25c**

SHEET MUSIC SALE SATURDAY 5c
SHEET MUSIC SALE SATURDAY 10c

Tea Cups, Saucers and Plates **Pillow Slips**
 Fine English cotton pillow slips

Beautiful fine china; three-gold lines with blue and pink border band. with just a small stamped design that can be easily washed out if not wanted to embroider. Full sizes and hemmed ready for use. Each **19c**

LADIES' RUBBERS and footbaths: first quality; high and low cuts; Cuban, military and low heels. Per pair Saturday **69c**

Cups and saucers. Regular \$3.50 per dozen value; 1/2 price all Saturday, 6 cups and 6 saucers **\$1.33**

for
and
.....

**This is the Time of the Year When
Women's Coats Are Reduced**

20c and 80c values
for **49c** include every cloth in stock and have been arranged on sale racks for easy choosing.

Dinner Sets

57-piece dinner sets; border patterns, fine English quality; high grade lustre **\$9.95**

AT \$9.95 you will find heavy tweed coats with large collars, deep cuff, and well lined and good trimmings. Assorted color effects and regular value up to \$30.00. Selling Saturday at **\$9.95**

line shapes; **\$26.95**

Tea Pots

200 Fifty carthen tea pots; four, five to eight cup capacity; border bands for **\$26.95**

AT \$19.95 there are some of our very best coats, including some fine velour cloths and heavy blanket cloths. Best quality linings and buttons and the styles are noticeably smart. Regular values to \$40.00 **\$19.95**

for **\$19.95**

AT \$24.95 you will find our highest quality cloth coats in finest velours and this material is a new satin. Good, some have Hudson seal or

and fancy beaded tea pots; regular values 60c, 75c to \$1.00. Personal sale Saturday, 4th floor **49c**

Oven Ware
Brown and white lined fireproof oval

Baking dishes; regular 40 and 50c lines for 25c

Serving Trays
 Regular \$2.50 and \$3.00 values serving trays; oblong shapes; beautifully finished and fancy designs; **\$1.95**

Ladies' Daily New Neckwear
 Some of the finest nets and laces are used in the making of these pretty new collars. Also there is fine organza, plique, etc. The latest styles are shown and there is wide selection. Mostly in white and cream shades. Values range up as high as 75c and 80c for **39c**

Another Yarn Sale at \$2.00 Lb.
Each skein of this splendid all-wool yarn at this price brings many

\$2.00

HARDWARE and HOUSE NEEDS

Wash Boilers
\$3.00 Value in wash boilers, with copper bottom; size 16; Saturday Special \$2.00

Floor Wax
C. & B. floor wax for furniture, hardwood floors, linoleums, etc.; one pound \$1.00

Regular \$1.00 Oxford pyramas; sizes 28 to 46. \$7.95
Regular \$1.00 Oxford pyramas; sizes 28 to 46. \$7.95

Tin wash boilers, size 9; Saturday for	\$1.10	of this floor wax will cover about 300 square feet; is easy to use and gives splendid satisfaction.	\$2.50 per suit	\$1.50	
Tin wash boilers with galvanized bottom; size 9; Saturday for	\$1.65	1-pound tins	49c		
		2-pound tins	95c		
				Men's lined mule skin mitts; with wool wrist. The warm mitt for coldest days. Regular \$1.25 pair for	85c

Electric Irons		Polish Mops		Men's genuine horse hide pullover mitts; the hard wearing	
\$5.00 Values Electric Irons, beautifully nickel-plated, complete with cord and attachment plugs and guaranteed; Saturday for ..		Regular \$1.50 triangle shape floor polish mops; sanitary; Saturday for ..		\$1.75	
\$3.89		\$1.09		Kid; Reg. \$2.25 per pair for	
				Kid's wool socks in natural and tan	

"Seal of Quality" GROCERIES

Flour Special

Orange Special

shades; regular 30c per pair. On sale Saturday .. **2 PAIRS 49c**

Men's Scotch wool gloves; one of the best grades, colors and sizes. From 10c

Quaker, Mother's and Sterling Flour, all guaranteed No. 1 hard wheat. For 99¢ lb.	300 dozen choice oranges for Saturday shoppers on floor 3. For 49¢ doz.	2 DOZEN 35¢	new warm garments you can buy Regular \$1.25 per pair, for	69¢
sock Limit 2 to a customer.	20¢ Limit 4 dozen to a customer. Personal sale at 8:30 a.m.		Men's negligee shirts; neat stripe percale shirts; neat double French cuff fitting shirts; soft double French cuffs	

25c	COOKING APPLES, 6 lbs. for	25c	sizes 14 1/2 to 15. Regular	\$1.25
25c	CHOICE TABLE APPLES, 5 lbs. for	25c	\$1.75 for	
29c	JAMM. strawberries, raspberry per lb.	Provisions		
89c	CANADIAN CHEESE.	20	Graniteware	

1 lb. each	50c	30c
1 lb. each	50c	50c
1 lb. each	24c	55c
1 lb. each	25c	20c

AMATORIO, 1/2 lb.; solid pack per lb.	25c	CHOICE ROASTED PORK, per lb.	60c
CORN Horsehoes brand, one can 1 lb.	45c	PREMIUM ROASTED HAM, per lb.	55c
STANDARD POWDER, one can 1 1/2 lb.	25c	SUNDAY BREAKFAST Sausage per lb.	35c
WASHINGTON COFFEE, one can 1 lb.	20c		

on Saturday, floor 3 East.

	Specials	
Number nine size Tin strainers, with covers, special		39c
Glaze, 6 1/2 lb. can, special at 25c		

90c	Candy For Sunday	
FOR CASH AND CARRY	H. HAY CHOCOLATES	35c
FLOUR SPECIAL: Sterling, Canada's	PER LB.	
"Golden Wonder" and Molitor's	H. HAY MIXED CANDIES,	25c
\$2 2lb. each	PER LB.	
\$1.55	TORTURED OLATS, 4½ lbs.	35c
ROLLS	POUNDED MARSHMALLOWS,	25c
COMB HONEY fancy quality		35c
40c		
	Lamp glasses 2½ dozen, for 33c	
	regular 1½ doz glasses	5c
	for	

400 per lb. 550

WHAT PRESS AGENTS SAY

of outlaws led by an agent of the Central Powers, who seek to prevent shipments of the ingredients of a powerful explosive used by the United States government in the manufacture of ammunition for the Allies.

Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

SERIOUS STREET CAR ACCIDENT AT WINNIPEG.



Twenty-five people were injured, some seriously, when two cars collided on the Winnipeg Street Railway. Evidence was given that the motorman was coaling his stove while the car was in motion.

AN EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE ON THE FLANDERS BATTLEFIELDS



An idea of the difficulties under which the Allied armies are fighting in Flanders may be had from this photograph, showing British soldiers trying to drag a horse from a mud-hole. The animal has sunk deeply in the mire of the most impassable roads, the result of heavy rains, traffic and bursting shells.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT WASHINGTON



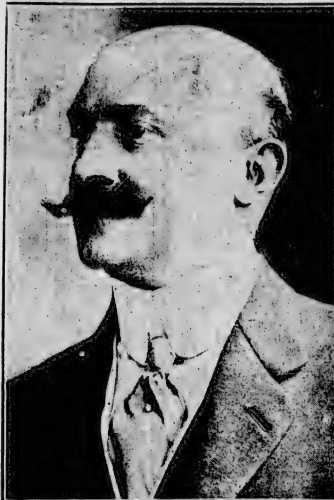
The Duke of Devonshire leaving the British Embassy for a conference with President Wilson. Left to right: Col. Ridgeley, military aide to President Wilson; Sir Cecil Spring Rice, British Ambassador; Capt. Buckley Johnson, military aide to the Duke of Devonshire; the Duke of Devonshire; Capt. Ridley, of the Duke's staff; Mr. Long, third Assistant Secretary of State; Col. Henderson, military secretary to the Duke.

YOUTHFUL HEADS OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY



Sir Eddie Geddes, First Lord; Rear Admiral Lionel Halsey, Second Sea Lord; Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, First Sea Lord.

FRENCH EX-PREMIER ARRESTED.



Former-Premier Caillaux, under suspicion of treasonable intrigue with Germany.

CANADIAN WEDDING IN LONDON



Major C. MacLean, of Quebec, and his bride, Miss Doris Aldous, of Winnipeg, granddaughter of the late Sir Henry Bate, after their wedding at St. James church, Piccadilly.

YARMOUTH SHELLED



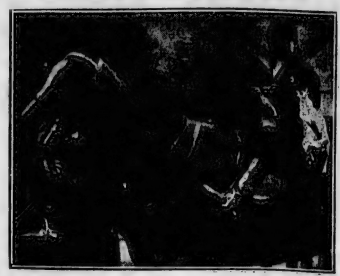
YARMOUTH SHELLED. Aerial view showing Yarmouth, which was recently bombarded by the Germans.

WILFRED CABANA



The strong man of the Montreal police force. He will try to wrest the world's weight-lifting championship from Hector Deraio at an international contest to be held in Montreal shortly.

KNITS DURING HORSE SHOW WAITS



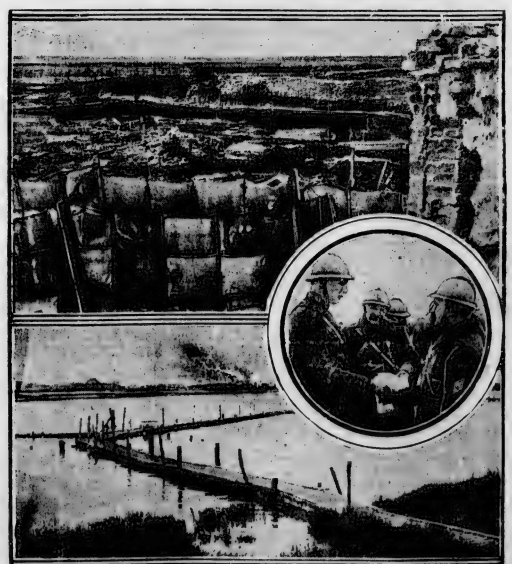
Miss Corinne Poth, of New York, on "Dodo," knitting for the soldiers while appearing at the National Horse Show. Scores of pairs of socks were knitted by society women-spectators during the progress of the show.

AUSTRALIANS REHEARSING A BATTLE



A wonderful model of Messines Ridge covering over an acre of ground and true in every detail, showing the winding road, the German trenches, and even the stumps of splintered trees where the enemy might lurk, was studied by the officers and men of the Australian contingent before they went into battle. The photo shows the men gathered around the model studying its details.

IMAGINE FIGHTING OVER SUCH FLANDERS FIELDS



Above is shown an advanced position in Belgium. Below is a gangway over the flooded area, with the village of Ramsepele in the background, twice recaptured by the Belgians and still held by them. In the circle, King Albert is decorating officers.

Business Cards Continued

Patents
EXETERBENTON & CO., THE OLD
 established in 1840, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Private Hospital
SOUTH HALL HOSPITAL, 5100 10th
 street, on low level car line, near 10th
 street. Building, 1000 sq. ft. Phone
 1000. Hours: 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Plants and Flowers
DEADLY PLANTS AND FLOWERS
 for medicinal purposes. Waterbury
 Bros., 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005,
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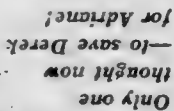
Physicians and Surgeons
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Only one
thought now
—to save Derek
for Adriane!

Only one
thought now
—to save Derek
for Adriane!

Only one
thought now
—to save Derek
for Adriane!

Only one
thought now
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for Adriane!



The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1918.

FICTION MAGAZINE



When, between acts, she spoke, her words were all fire.

"Isn't Gasleigh great?" she asked. "Gasleigh! Gasleigh! The writer; yes, he has a gift," conceded Jimmy. "A gift," she repeated, then, a little sadly, "Oh, Jimmy!"

Her tone, for some reason, made Jimmy feel very uncomfortable, and then angry. He was savagely glad when the play ended and he and Adriane were outside in the lobby. To add to his distaste of things in general he found a steady, dreary downpour of rain when he went to search for a taxi. The street was full of bawling drivers. A general state of pandemonia reigned. Jimmy spoke to a uniformed man, but that person shook a worried head.

"Something gone wrong; always does when sudden rain like this comes. You'll have to wait."

Jimmy returned hurriedly to Adriane. She was standing hidden in the shadow of a huge pillar where he had left her, but she was not alone. A man stood near her, and she was looking at him in admiration.

With a little air of proprietorship Jimmy approached Adriane, but before he could speak Adriane brightly introduced him to the man, Harding Derek.

Jimmy bowed and spoke at once to Adriane: "Afraid we'll have to wait. This sudden rain seems to have upset the system."

"Is it a taxicab you want?" Harding Derek spoke quickly. "I'll find you one; wait here." It was the tone of command, and even Jimmy was not surprised when Derek reappeared in a few moments and announced his success.

"Thank you," said Jimmy as graciously as he could, and thought the man would go. But instead, with seemingly no conception of the ethics of the situation, Derek said:

"Mind going for a bite with me? I'd like to talk."

Adriane brightened, as though some honor had been conferred upon her.

"Oh, yes; let's!" she cried, and Jimmy perforce found himself shortly in the taxi sitting beside Adriane, it's true, but realizing that all her thoughts and attentions were centered on Harding Derek.

In short time they were seated at a small table in a dimly lit restaurant—a poor place; the last place in the world Jimmy would have chosen for a setting for Adriane, and in grinding misery he listened to Derek talking to Adriane quite as though Jimmy did not exist.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE man was a fanatic, a dangerous fanatic, Jimmy decided. Self-centered, undoubtedly, since he had eyes that in their dark and deep misery seemed only for introspection. A man of power, perhaps, certainly of intellect, but both power and intellect perverted.

Then suddenly he turned to Jimmy, as though just awakening to his presence, and flashed a smile at the younger man. The smile which lit his face had a high sort of beauty and stirred Jimmy out of himself. It was a flame so warm, so full of a deep, sympathetic insight that Jim-

my had a moment of awe, as though after all he had come upon a personality rare and vivid; set apart.

"I'm glad you took Adriane to see 'Another's Cloak,'" he said. "It's the great play of the year."

"Jimmy doesn't think so," said Adriane mischievously. "He believes woman's place is in the home."

tol. In a burst of emotion whose name he did not recognize he forgot the rare and compelling beauty of Derek's face. Jimmy was simply madly in love with Adriane; he wanted her for himself. He wanted her to fit his ideal. So he asked: "Why should you run about with that man?"

Now Adriane turned flashing eyes upon him.

"What do you mean?" she cried out. He should have been warned, but in-

me again. Why, do you know what among other fine things he's doing?"

"No," Jimmy flung out the word.

"He's helping support my children!" she cried. And when Jimmy, stricken dumb, could not speak, she went on:

"He doesn't even particularly like the children, either," she told him. "He says they're dark and ugly looking, but whenever I tell him that my income won't quite stretch over another pair of boots for Bobby, why Harding digs down into his pocket and gives me \$5, and perhaps he doesn't know where his next meal is coming from! He just gives himself to those who need him—the poor, the oppressed—and works sometimes night after night writing poorly paid editorials for radical papers."

She was almost in tears now. And for Jimmy's rival! Jimmy groaned. Of all the conditions he had ever found himself in, this was the most complicated.

The taxi stopped and they alighted before Adriane's home. Without rancor she put out her hand to him and said:

"Well, good night, Jimmy. Thank you for an awfully good time!"

He felt as he left her that she believed him not strong enough nor fine enough to remain angry with. He felt that he had been a presuming idiot to think that she could ever care for him.

And yet Adriane did love Jimmy. Strange, she musingly thought, how the reckless heart of woman settles itself on one whom the head often does not approve. However, she did not intend to allow her love to rule her nor to direct her life. Jimmy, trying as she quite well knew, to reform her, make her over according to his pattern, would have to pass out of her life if he persisted in his tactics.

Jimmy continued to love Adriane, although she was not a womanly woman as he knew a womanly woman; still with all his soul he desired her with a passion that tore at him every waking hour. Yet with a twentieth century caution (though he wanted an eighteenth century girl) he meant to tear the love from his heart if she continued in her headstrong way.

So they locked, but could not stay away from one another. Hence it came about that Adriane invited Jimmy one night to meet her at Arrow Hall, to hear some speakers. Arrow Hall, Jimmy knew, was situated in the darkest, dingiest spot on the West Side.

But he accepted the invitation. She refused, however, to let him escort her to the loathsome place, but promised to "see" him there at 9 o'clock on the appointed evening.

At 9 o'clock on a Friday evening, then, Jimmy entered Arrow Hall, and nearly choked not only at the thick smoke that was rising on all sides but from the moral atmosphere itself, which Jimmy thought wasn't moral at all.

He stood a moment in the doorway watching the "motel crew," as he privately designated the mixed crowd, was accosted by a young woman in a long blue smock, who took her cigarette from between her lips long enough to tell him that the admission price was a quarter. Jimmy paid the quarter and stood



A man stood near her and she was looking at him in admiration.

"So do I," said Derek quietly, "while she's content to stay there."

"I think," said Jimmy, looking at the moment very young and pale, "that history shows woman is made to be the conservator, the tender at the fireside. For such fine services she should be protected, cared for—"

"And blinded," finished Derek. "But not so, my ardent young friend. Woman will sweep the world with her energies ere long. Here is Adriane, with her fine, trained mind. Would you push her into the little place your visions build for her?"

Jimmy could not answer. He felt it would be sacrilege to tell this man of the glories he would heap at Adriane's feet did she belong to him.

"Ah, well," said Derek suddenly, as though weary: "take Adriane home. We must trust to life and strife to teach their lessons."

Returning to Adriane's home, driving now through a clear night, Jimmy failed in his conscientious efforts at self-con-

stead he plunged ahead: "Just this: I don't want you to see any more of Harding Derek. I don't consider him a safe associate for you."

"Not safe! Not safe!" She paused and seemed to gulp. "Why, he's the greatest man I know." And then she said it in another way: "Of all the men I know, he's the greatest!"

He felt a terrible sinking sensation, but he was game.

"That's because he's hypnotized you with false philosophies," he cried. He drew a trifle nearer to her. "Adriane, believe me, from what I can gain of his theories he would lead anyone, man or woman, to perdition!"

♦ ♦ ♦

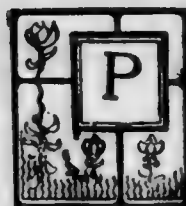
IT WAS pretty strong, that, he knew, but then he was goaded by the burning sting of jealousy. Perhaps Adriane realized this, for she swallowed a harsh returning sentence and then spoke quietly enough:

"Don't ever speak against Harding to

THE MILLS OF MISTAKE

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



POLICE CAPTAIN MIKE McCafferty owned a feeling of great satisfaction. His Christmas dinner had been eaten at home and he had walked back to the station, a circum-

stance which, as his girth attested, proved the exceeding proximity of his residence. He had been transferred there from "the woods," where a preceding political regime had seen fit to banish him.

Things were well in the Thirtieth district. He sat back in his private office and puffed at a corpulent cigar that diffused the aroma of real Havana. A short, bull-necked young chap in a checked suit sauntered in. The captain squinted at him, then grinned broadly.

"Lo, Larry!" he exclaimed. "When d'ja get back?"

"Came home t' eat with my mother," he explained. "Th' ol' woman ud raise Cain if I didn't get home for Christmas."

"It'll be your own home next year," prophesied the captain jovially. "And the Loneragan girl sure is a pippin, too. If I didn't have Kate and the kids I'd be after chasin' you blind over in that territory."

Larry McGraw, plain clothes man par excellence and recently promoted to the central office, grinned back.

"Yes y'would, you fat old stiff," he bantered. "If you didn't have the finest wife on earth I guess old Mme. Fritzie would be your one outstanding matrimonial possibility."

The captain chuckled delightedly and then, after the fashion of old friends, they smoked on for a time in silence. The captain shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth with much violent facial contortion.

"Heard you were up the river last week, Larry," he remarked.

"Yeh," said Larry. "Took up one of the Ferguson gang for a good stiff stretch on that Primrose Lane knifin'."

"D'ja see anythin' interestin' up there, Larry?"

"Saw Bill go out," said Larry quietly. "Th' tell you did!" exclaimed the captain. Well, Well! Althus thought I'd kinda like to see the chair workin' sometime."

"No, you don't," Larry spoke very crisply, and his round-shaven neck, visible about the fold collar, seemed to quiver slightly. "Yuh never wanta see it, Mike," he warned. "It ain't no place for a chicken-hearted fellow or a guy with imagination."

"Chicken-hearted!" roared the captain indignantly. "Say, you young devil, I was chasin' river pirates when your mother was tellin' about your first tooth!"

"Aw, I don't mean that way, cap," objected the detective. "I mean soft-hearted, y'understand. Sorry for the under dog. You know. You've promoted all the benefit stunts for sick firemen and suspended cops for the last ten years. Well, a fellow that'll take the trouble to do that ain't goin' to enjoy seein' a poor devil strapped in that chair and shot full o' juice."

THE captain smoked along without replying. Then suddenly:

"How'd Bill behave, Larry?"

"Rotten!" said Larry hotly.

"Thought his nerve would be good. He sure stood a hell of a sweatin' before he caved. And then right the next mornin' he reneged on it an' swore he was too dazed to know what he was doin' when he said 'Yeh.'"

"Sweatin' ain't dyin', Mike. If you're ever fool enough to go up the river when some poor devil is kickin' off you'll realize that, all right. I thought Bill Kennon had all the crust in the world. I guess it

Bill died ungracefully. McGraw, who worked on the case, was ashamed of him. A tale of the death chair, with a smashing climax

was sorta the date of the thing that upset him.

"Three days before Christmas," muttered the captain. "Seems like a hell of a time to electrocute a fellow, eh?"

"Sure does. And that wasn't all, you know. It was the girl's birthday, and 'way early last spring—just before he croaked old Camberley—they figgered on gettin' hooked up on her birthday and spendin' Christmas with her folks up in Buffalo."

"Tough on the girl," assented McCafferty. "Did you—did she—show up around the pen at all?"

"Yeh," responded McGraw. "Seems she'd been to see the governor half a dozen times a day till they just got sick o' throwin' her out. Then she tried the warden. It was pretty rocky, Mike. She was a little girl, you know, with awful big eyes and a sorta pleadin' look in 'em. Like you see in a dog's eyes when you're goin' to chuck him over the rail with a rock around his neck."

I DON'T think she had much money, either. She was sort of crazy toward the last, I guess. She fetched in a couple of double eagles and offered 'em to the warden if he'd only give Bill a little laudatum or something so he'd be unconscious and wouldn't know what was goin' on. I was in his office when she fetched 'em, the old man knowin' I had swung the case.

"Her face was pretty white and her skin had that queer pearl color that makes you think you can look right through it. I guess it got that way from cuttin' out breakfast and dinner so she could save enough money to bribe the warden to make it easier for Bill."

"She's just a shop girl, ain't she?" asked the captain.

"Yeh. Eight bucks a week, I guess. Anyhow, she'd saved \$40 and tried to give 'em to the warden. Queer thing about that, too, Mike. You'd think the old boy would get used to such things and not mind 'em at all. But when he told the girl he couldn't do nothin' like that there was tears in his eyes."

"Guess it ain't so queer, Larry. Seems like it musta been sorta pitiful. She was a pretty girl, Larry."

"She sure was. Just like one of these dames' heads you see on a magazine. And she sure was crazy about Bill."

"The warden told her that Bill could have a good stiff shot of whisky beforehand."

"Bill promised me when he gimme the ring," she says, "that he wouldn't drink. But you tell Bill for me I said it was all right, will you? Tell him Marie says it's all right!"

"It's funny, Mike, but I just couldn't see the damn room myself fer about five minutes. Then the warden came over and stood starin' out the window."

"I wish to Gawd I was president or gov'nor or somethin'," he says.

"Why? I asks him."

"'Td slip Bill a pardon,' he says."

"Don't you think he croaked Camberley?" I asked.

"Dunno," he says. "S'pose he did. But it wouldn't be for Bill that I'd want it, McGraw. It 'ud be for her. I'll bet she ain't eaten a square meal since they sent him up here," he says.

"And I guess she hadn't, neither. Anyway, I don't want to be around when anythin' like that happens again. I felt pretty smart when the Journal an' the rest of the papers ran my mug as the

clever detective that cleared up the Camberley case, but I didn't feel so damn smart when I seen the girl beggin' that we do somethin' just to make it a little easier for Bill to die."

"I don't feel none too good over the confession either, Larry. Sometimes—sometimes I sorta wonder whether a guy really ain't off his nut a little after four or five of us been barkin' at him all night. The Dago Kid always swore to heaven he confessed the Napier Bank job just to get a little sleep."

"The taxpayers want results, just the same, Mike. After a big crib job or a killin' they rise up and howl fer convictions; you know that. The state's attorney's office prods us and we pass the buck to the poor devil we think done it."

"I guess that's the way it's gotta be, Larry. Only it sure is rough as hell on a little girl like Marie."

"Sure is. One of the newspaper guys that was there when they 'lectrocuted Bill wanted to make a sorta sob story out of Marie's gameness."

"Don't do it," I says. "It's too late now. Why the devil didn't you spring some of this stuff when that poor half-starved kid was makin' the big fight up at Albany? That's when it would have come in handy."

"So he laid off it, Mike."

McCafferty's cigar was gone and he groped in his pockets, passing one of the resurrected havanas to Larry.

"Merry Christmas, Larry," he said.

"Same t'you," responded Larry, reaching for it.

"Say, Larry?"

"Yeh?"

"Be sorta queer, wouldn't it, if—if Bill Kennon didn't do for the old man?"

"Yeh," said Larry slowly, stirring uneasily. "Only I don't see how you'd figure it, Mike. Somebody sure stuck the old man in the ribs. And Bill had been chinnin' with him a lot and knew about the emeralds and all that."

IT WAS a queer knife thrust, that," said the captain. "I've seen a lot of slicin' in my time, down on the docks and all. But I ain't never seen anybody who ever stuck a guy with the knife flat crossways."

"It was a queer job," assented Larry. "I don't see how anybody could thrust so straight. It sliced right across a rib, too, and yet didn't tear or twist any. In fact, the doctor told me that there was a little splinter of bone on either side of the cut that was still intact."

"Wonder where Bill learned to do it?" pondered the captain.

"I don't think he ever learned," dissented the other. "It was just one of those freak stunts a greenhorn at a game will pull now and then. Remember when we framed Jack Billings in that poker game just fer the hell of it? He hadn't never seen a card before, but alla came he trimmed us all blind."

"Well, I figure that Bill Kennon just grabbed one of them swords or daggers—the old fool had enough of 'em around—and made a swipe at Camberley and—and it just happened that way."

"S'pose so, Larry. And he had the emeralds on him when you made the pinch."

"He sure did."

"Kinda queer about his swearin' they was a present, too."

"He said the same thing in the chair, Mike. After they'd put that queer black

leather riggin' on his head and were strappin' down his ankles he said:

"'Camberley gave 'em to me. He said it would help furnish the flat for the little girl an' me.'"

"He behaved bad, did he, Larry?"

"Rotten. Prayed an' yelled all night, and then with the priest right alongside of him and God Almighty just a few minutes away he swears to heaven that he didn't do it, an' said he hoped he'd roast in hell if he was lyin'."

"A man can do that," defended McCafferty. "Father Riley told me one time that a guy ain't got no moral duty to admit his guilt in public, whether he done it or not."

"Maybe not," assented McGraw doggedly, "but it seems like goin' out of your way a whole lot to hope you go to hell if you're lyin'!"

WELL, Larry, when a guy knows they're goin' to belt him in a chair an' shoot him full o' juice it ain't a hell of a lot to look forward to. He's seen it comin' for months, and I guess when a fellow lays awake nights waitin' for it and fearin' it and shrinkin' from the very thought of it, he's sorta lightheaded like when the time comes."

"He looked queer, Mike. They had to almost carry him down the corridor an' into the death chamber. His eyes were awful wide and just like glass. His lips were kinda blue, and when he licked 'em his tongue was so dry it made a little sound in the stillness, like sandpaper. The priest was sayin' prayers for the dyin', but poor Bill couldn't pray. He'd try to mumble the words after the chaplain, but in about a second he'd stop, and those glassy eyes 'ud go starin' hopeless-like around the little bunch."

"It sounds queer, Mike, but I felt that I was standin' there at a kinda curtain, behind Bill, and we was both lookin' through it into eternity, and Bill could see and I couldn't, but I was sorta gettin' a hunch what it was like from him. Then they fastened the electrodes or whatever you call 'em to his ankles. He stared down at the job like a curious kid, hardly seemin' to realize what it was all about."

"He looked awful young and helpless in that chair, Mike. I guess he was only 24 or 25. And I'll bet if all the people in the state, along with the court and state's attorney and governor, could have been standin' in that queer little room with the big chair and the dull green walls they wouldn't have felt so damn proud of croakin' off Bill Kennon, even if he done the trick."

"Maybe four or five of us fly-cops wouldn't be so proud neither, Larry. I wish they could have seen the girl, too."

"That's it, Mike," eagerly. "I wish to Gawd they'd of slanted her there at the door of the pen, blue with the cold, with the tears glistenin' in her long lashes and that hopeless, frozen fear on her face. It was her birthday, Mike, and she just 20 years old. And she had on the dress that she was goin' to be married in. She'd made it herself, a long time ahead, because they'd been almost two years plannin' it, on account of bein' so poor."

"Women folks have strange ideas. She seemed to have a hunch that Bill in there in the deathhouse, waitin' to die, would be a little glad that she wore the dress."

"She hadn't had enough to eat in a long time, Larry, and I don't s'pose she slept any too good either. You can't blame the girl for havin' queer notions, Larry."

"Yuh sure can't! Say! A guy looks damn queer in those grave togs they put on him, Mike. They give him a white shirt without any collar and a black suit that looks a little like a head waiter's outfit and fits rottener. And they cut a slit up each trouser leg, so they can get these copper and leather things around the ankles all right. There's blue light

moment, dismayed. It was Jean herself, who, overhearing Helen, and while she did not understand the meaning of the scene and its solemnity, sensed its bearing upon her engagement to Rex.

"If you are talking about Rex and I," she announced, "you may put your discussion off to some future date. Rex has decided that he does not want me under the considerations I imposed, and, womanlike, I have made up my mind he must have me." Here Rex would have stopped her by playfully putting his hand across her mouth, but she brushed it aside. "He absolutely refused to go ahead with his bargain, and that convinced me that he must," Jean continued. "In fact, I have rather made up my mind that since we talked out my side of the case, and it failed to convince Rex that I could not make him happy, perhaps he is right after all. Cousin Theodore, you will find me, when the time comes, a willing bride."

"And we won't keep you waiting long, for fear Jean finds some new objection to

the holy bonds of matrimony," Rex cried gayly as Jean, suddenly overcome by her new acceptance of the prospect of unexpected future happiness, nimbly disappeared down the path, he after her.

When the younger pair had gone Helen looked about her at the silent relatives who waited for her to speak. Dr. Hamilton, too, could not shut out the vision of little Jean and Rex, looking to the future with nothing of trouble nor fear of the world's consideration, because they had found the way to give their hearts without asking the why nor how of the mutual exchange.

The judge, however, was pitiless.

"They will not suffer for their old-fashioned ideas. It is you, Dr. Hamilton, and you, Helen, who will, however, know the truest happiness—the happiness which you have realized can come only to those who give each other without tying themselves with the bonds that marriage imposes."

Helen was not at all sure, though, that everything was as it should be, even with

this unexpected sanction of her family.

"In the eyes of God our marriage—" she began with a troubled pleading in her voice, when the judge, still master of the scene, stepped before her.

"The eyes of God are all you need take into account, Helen—that we have agreed to. I am sure it is in the eyes of God that Dr. Hamilton takes you to be his wife. Am I not right, doctor?"

Ernest tightened his arm about Helen's waist. He looked down upon her tenderly.

"In the eyes of God I do take Helen to be my wife—but—"

The judge stepped closer. He put his hand on Ernest's arm to stay his words. To Helen he said quickly, intensely, and so suddenly she was caught off her guard:

"And you, Helen—do you take him, too, in the eyes of God?"

Helen looked up at the man for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice herself that she might be true to her theories of the new woman.

"Indeed it is in the eyes of God that I

take Ernest to be my husband—but—"

Now the judge was triumphant. He stepped back, raised both his hands with the gesture of a benediction. There was a great relief, too, in his voice, as he veritably shouted:

"Then, since you, Ernest, and you, Helen, have made this solemn declaration before God and in the presence of witnesses, I, by the authority vested in me by the laws of this state, do now pronounce you man and wife. You are married by every law of state and nation!"

Dr. Hamilton and Helen both fell back, the former indignant at the trick that had been played upon them. But Helen, startled at first when she comprehended, was not indignant. There was the gladness of a wonderful content softening her eyes as she held out her arms for Ernest to take her back to his breast.

"We are tricked—but I am glad, Ernest," she said. "After all, the world is always right."

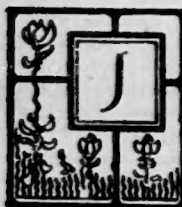
[The End]

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THIS WAY FOR THE LADIES

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



MY PATTERTON had read the phrase somewhere, "the soul of a bank clerk," and had resented the inference that a bank clerk's soul must be a solid and unflaming thing.

Jimmy himself worked in a bank as an assistant cashier, and while he believed pretty thoroughly in things as they are and held very definite ideas of human conduct, still he had his flashes. Like many young men of 23 he had dreams of making over the world into a more serviceable place. And he wasn't always so cock-sure about which man to envy—the millionaire, self-made, or the idealist, self-deluded.

But regarding the qualities he should require in a wife, Jimmy's mind never defaulted, since there was a path inexorably laid out for woman to follow. Personally, Jimmy's future wife was to represent his visionary picture of The Girl—exceedingly pretty, a trace of shyness apparent in her manner, charmingly innocent, a primrose that had been sheltered from every wind.

Up to the early spring of 1917 Jimmy had never seen any girl who filled the bill in every particular. And then one perfect night fate stepped in and introduced him to a girl, guest with him at a little porch party.

Her name was Adriane Gresham, and he liked its rhythm. He liked Adriane's quiet demureness, too; for while other girls talked and laughed she sat in a corner looking adorably pretty and thoughtful. He noticed that her hair was a burnished brown, and later he verified his suspicion that there were red glows in it. He rejoiced that her eyes were large and blue and set in a face that was quaintly egg-shaped. Altogether she might have sat for the picture of The Girl he cherished in his heart.

Only by sheer good management did he gain a few words with Adriane at the tail end of the evening, because there were others who liked burnished brown hair and little, pointed chins, but he found himself saying, just as Adriane was murmuring "Good night" to him and turning away:

"I'm coming to see you next week, Miss Gresham."

She wasn't surprised, nor did she elevate her brows. She said simply:

"I'm with my sister for the present," and gave him her address.

Jimmy thought of The Girl every moment of his waking hours, and dreamed of her every night till the following Wednesday. There had been girls before, but never the composite of all his

visions. Adriane was the perfect one. He liked her soft appeal. He felt all his strength rushing up to protect her.

But he was actually nervous when he went up her front steps the following Wednesday evening. The door opened quickly to his ring and a maid servant stood before him, appraising him. But just behind her gingham shoulder he saw Adriane.

She was halfway up a wide staircase, one hand on the smooth cherry rail, the other leading a sleepy little child. She had turned to see who the maid was admitting, and the child cuddled close to her side. Jimmy thought it a fitting and exquisite picture.

Adriane called down softly:

"Take Mr. Patterson into the library, Anna," and gave him a fleeting smile.

So Jimmy went into the library, a cheerful sort of meditative room, whose atmosphere got into him at once. Books, of course, were everywhere; books and lamps and bits of fine ware and one or two mellow brasses. He sank into an easy chair drawn up before a waning grate fire.

In about twenty minutes Adriane came down the stairs. She was calling back some soft, endearing words to little ears above, and when she entered the room where Jimmy waited her face was flushed and her eyes were soft and deep.

She wore a white serge dress with a rolling blue collar and a crepe tie. Her hair was combed straight back from her face and ended in a little knot at the nape of her neck.

Jimmy liked her simplicity; he had noted the night of the party that she wore no ruffles or ribbons, like the other girls. He had a feeling of awe that such a girl as this lived.

"My sister and her husband are at the theater," Adriane told him at once as she seated herself opposite him.

"I'm sorry not to have met them," he murmured, lying.

"You will later, of course," she said. Then: "I always enjoy putting the children to bed. There are two small boys, and we always have such romps."

He nodded, quite content to listen to her. When finally he did talk a bit she proved greatly interested, as though she believed he had something worth while to say. Altogether it was the most per-

fectly satisfactory evening Jimmy had ever spent, and when he was leaving, reluctantly, he asked if he might call again on the following Wednesday.

And Adriane said yes, she'd be very glad to see him, and he knew she meant what she said, so that he went home on wings.

Adriane told Jimmy one night, after they'd known one another a month, something of her girlhood home, a small town (he was glad she was a small town girl) where she had lived very happily till the death of her mother. Evidently she had read a great deal, because she told him she spent hours in the libraries; she also confided that she had held several positions. She had gone from one place to another, she admitted, and every chivalrous instinct was roused in Jimmy at this knowledge. Family misfortunes probably had sent her out into the cruel world. But evidently that period of stress and necessity was ended, and should Jimmy preserve his health, strength and manhood she would never again have to step outside woman's natural boundary, the home.

He hadn't spoken for so long while these thoughts were passing through his mind that Adriane stopped talking to gaze at him rather intently, and when he was recalled from his dreams he met the look squarely. An electric current passed between them, making the blood beat high in their veins.

Adriane went on a moment later in continuation of her little history.

"After mother died I came to the city and worked in a settlement-house for a time. I loved the children."

"And helped them a lot, I know," he said with surety.

"I think I did," she answered. "Two of them cried when I was leaving, so I took them home. They were orphans, and my stepmother objected a bit."

"Well, orphans are a bit risky, aren't they?"

She turned a little indignantly upon him.

"Orphans are human. At any rate they're all right now, because, you see, I adopted them!"

He stared his incredulity at her; he took in almost unconsciously the little, pointed face with the soft, childlike blue eyes.

"I've always wanted the sensation of motherhood without the usual other distracting interest," she went on in her sweet, intimate way; "and here was my chance. The children really are an education," she finished enthusiastically.

"Where did you say you kept them?" Jimmy finally managed to ask.

"My stepmother is looking after them during my absence," Adriane answered. "Of course I have a perfectly splendid nurse for them."

"It must cost a lot."

"Yes, the whole thing's quite expensive, naturally. But I never spend all my salary. I earn \$40 a week translating French medical books for the American Surgical Association."

SO HERE was the girl with whom Jimmy was hopelessly in love. A blue stocking girl, an independent girl, earning nearly as much as he did, a girl who adopted children because she wanted the sensation of motherhood without the obnoxious presence of the male. Undoubtedly that was what she meant when she spoke of the "usual distracting interest."

Jimmy arrived home wrapped in a medley of emotion. He sat smoking far into the night. When dawn came he had reached his conclusion. Adriane had been left to her own resources too much and had simply got into mischief, like a precocious child. All his protective instincts rose hot to the surface. He would save Adriane, bring her back to the normal.

He began his work at once. When Adriane broached subjects that should by all rights be outside her ken Jimmy smiled in a sort of superior fashion and gently led her away to other tried and known, even if threadbare, topics. Also his educational methods included taking her to see plays of pronounced innocuous type, warranted not to agitate an unused brain cell.

After a month or so Adriane grew restless and a bit suspicious regarding Jimmy's motives. Only the memory of that electric moment she had lived with him made her keep her patience with him.

But she did refuse to witness another sweet Cinderella drama with him. And Jimmy, wise within his bounds, consented to procuring tickets for the play "Another's Cloak," a radical, high-strung thing exploiting some dangerous Nietzsche doctrine. Jimmy depended on Adriane's innate good sense to draw contrasts between the safe and known beauties of life and the feverish strivings after upsetting changes.

But this phenomenon didn't occur. Never had Adriane seemed so beautiful, so magnetic as when, entranced, she watched the movement of the play.

overhead, and Bill looked like a corpse even before they sprung the switch.

"Just before the cap went over his head he looked around at us all. It was the hungriest sort of clutchin' look you'd ever seen, Mike."

"It was his last look, Larry. You can't blame a man for makin' that kinda fingerin' like."

"You sure can't, Mike. Then he started to talk again."

"I didn't do it," he said. "Camberley an' me was friends, and I told him about Marie, and he gave 'em to me for her. There was lots of other stuff I could have stole if that was what I wanted. But I didn't do it. I—"

"That's all he got to say, Mike. A sort of smart Aleck young chap there who gets paid \$50 for doin' it was over by the wall, and he threw on the switch. Little 'lectric lights went on all over the chair. And Bill just stiffened up and bucked against the straps. His body made a queer little hummin' sound, like you could hear when you were a kid and listened against a telegraph post."

"The round black cap has a hole in the top of it, Mike. And when they switched on the juice a little white puff of smoke curled up out of it. It smelled like burnin' hair, Mike—like—Bill's hair!"

"He had nice hair," said McCafferty in a queer, tant voice. "A good Irish red, with lots of little gold gleams in it."

"It was clipped close up there, Mike. Then the girl asked for a lock of it, and it was all burned up, of course, and the warden had to hunt up another guy with fairly long red hair and get a lock of it. She thinks it's Bill's. Funny, ain't it?"

"It's all that! The whole thing looks mighty strange to me."

"Bill made an awful fight to live. He was still alive after the first minute and a half. Not conscious, of course, but with his heart beating. The doc told me afterward that that was the way lots of times."

"They've got their hearts set on livin'," he says. "Their whole soul wants to hang on. And they darn near accomplish a merrie by beatin' out 30,000 volts."

"They were sawin' off the top of his head afterward. Some of the reporters went in to look at that, but I'd had enough. I just beat it out of there and hopped the first rattler. I never want to look inside of them gray walls again. When I take a poor devil of a lifer or condemned murderer up there again I'll just deliver him and the commitment papers at the office and run like hell."

♦ ♦ ♦

I WISH Bill had a better mouthpiece, Larry. A good lawyer might have made a harder fight. It's hell when all the money in the state is bein' used against you, and you haven't the price of a good defense. If Bill only had a million he'd never have seen the chair."

"Guys with a million don't, Mike. They've got appeals and writs of certiorari and stays of execution and all that. But a poor man isn't monkeyed along with that way."

"Seems to me it wasn't an awful loss to have old Camberley out of the way,

either. A man that's fool enough to fill his house with old spears and flags and armor and chairs that Queen Elizabeth sat on or plates some other dead muckmucky ate off of ain't exactly an asset to the community."

"I never saw such a nut place," agreed McGraw. "Carved Chinese idols and

heads around the edges of it, all with little tongues stickin' out."

"Them devil heads are real silver, too," said the captain. "There's a silver plate on it that says something in Spanish about being from the Duke of Anzales to the Bishop of Lima, with a lot of flowery stuff about highest regard and humble devotion. It's a queer thing to give a churchman for his library, all decorated up that way with those devil heads."

"On top of the little table is a saint,

McGraw sprang back with a startled curse.



teak chests and old black tables that some Spanish gink grafted off the poor people a few hundred years ago, and all that junk. A fellow that has forty-nine different kinds of swords and spears and knives hanging in a network on his walls can expect to be gaffed some day."

"He had lots of valuable stuff there, just the same. Dave Reynolds is appointed executor by the state, to look up his heirs, if he's got any. Dave promised to let me ramble around the house some day. He says there's some little carved ivory jiggers there that'll fetch \$500 apiece. And museums and the like want the old carved tables and rusty armor and that stuff."

"That was a queer table he was found lyin' dead beside," observed McGraw. "All heavy ebony and inlaid with silver and the like. Whoever rigged that up had queer taste, putting a lot of devil

though," objected Larry. "A lot of inlaid silver strips go from him in the shape of zigzag lightning, or whatever it is, and fastens up with the devils. I guess it means the saint is knockin' 'em off their nut or something."

"I guess so," assented McCafferty. "Queer how with a lot of knick-knacks worth a fortune in there, and Bill an' the girl so poor, that Bill didn't take something more than that little string of emeralds. I guess they was only worth a couple of hundred bucks."

♦ ♦ ♦

HE PROBABLY was rattled," said Larry. "Bill certainly wasn't no professional crook, and seein' the old man layin' there that way he must have just grabbed the first thing at hand and beat it."

The captain shook his head.

"Not on your life," he said decisively. "He took time to clean things up thor-

oughly. There was no blood anywhere except on the old man's body and on a couple of those little devil heads, where he must have struck in falling. There wasn't no blood around the room or on the knife that Bill did the job with. That's the queerest part of it. He must have deliberately washed it up and hung it back in its place in that freak network."

"Guess you're right, Mike. After stickin' the old boy he must have took his time. If I'd gone that far I'll bet no little emerald necklace would ha' stopped me. I'd a cleaned up right!"

"Might as well. If you're crooked at all, be a heavy-weight, say I. That's why I haven't fiddled around with a lot of tinhorn lid-tilting bribes. But poor Bill just grabbed the emeralds."

"And went to the chair for 'em!"

They smoked on until the little room was blue and stuffy with the fumes.

"I'm kind of loggy after a turkey feed, Larry," grunted McCafferty. "Let's stroll down the street."

"Sure thing," assented the other.

"And if you've still got the keys, let's butt in on the old Camberley place. There won't be nobody around today, and I'd like to take another slant at the place that messed things up so much for Bill and the little girl."

♦ ♦ ♦

The murdered curio dealer's home and place of business was an old-fashioned turreted structure of rusty red brick, set a little back from the street. The uniformed police captain and his companion occasioned no comment as they swung in through the creaking iron gate. Policemen had been coming and going around that weird old house for months together.

They stood for a moment in the long, dusty hall before venturing on through the heavy velvet portieres. Their footsteps echoed hollowly and rang through the great empty rooms. Then they emerged into the scene of the killing. Leering infidel gods and weird Congo fetishes

leered at them. Dust was thick upon the quaintly fashioned chairs and grotesque images. On the walls, gleaming through the dust, were the scores of polished blades from among which Bill Kennon had selected the weapon for his deed.

The two men stood there in the oppressive silence, staring at the war flags of different nations and the shields and armor of many centuries. Over in the corner, supported on thick legs carved in spiral columns, stood the ancient Spanish table. From its center—a conventional bas-relief depicting a halo-surrounded saint—little zigzag bands of inlaid silver carried out to the devil heads on the edge.

These were of the gargoyle variety, with pointed chins and leering grins. Their tongues projected, emblematic of the hate the fiends must have cherished for the good Bishop of Lima.

McGraw stared at the image.

"What saint do you reckon it is now, Mike?" he queried.

"Dunno," responded McCafferty. "Some Spanish saint, like as not, that poor old Father McGinnis, God rest him, mayn't never have mentioned. But he sure must have been a dynamo for thunderbolts!"

He followed one of the silver bands radiating from the center, pressing it with a thick finger. It seemed to deflect

beg that he cease his foolery and tell them how the situation stood.

"So," the judge continued easily, "I hunted up Dr. Hamilton and took him back to Helen's apartment. We found her preparing to lie down for a rest. Really she did not act like a prospective eloper at all. We brought up the subject of marriage, the obligations of young persons to society and future generations, their friends, etc., and other items associated in the popular mind with the plans of two young people to settle down and attempt mutual happiness, and, I must say, the discussion brought about considerable results."

"Ah—they got cold feet!" exclaimed John, much relieved.

"Then they've reconsidered?" asked Theodore.

"To both of you I shall have to answer 'No,'" the judge replied. "The discussion promised to be a long one, with considerable ground to be gone over again, so I had them come along with me, only in another car, since, when folks are young and of opposite sex, the rule of 'two's company and three's a crowd' still prevails."

"They followed you?" asked Theodore. "Then where are they now?"

"In the house there.

They must have arrived about the time I got out here into the garden."

"What! They have come here, into this house? By what right did you invite them to return here? What are they doing here?" John fired his questions indignantly, and would not have waited for an answer to any one of them had not Theodore interposed as he made for the house with apparent intention of ordering the young people off the premises.

"Don't be hasty, John!" Theodore urged. "Wait; give the judge time to explain."

"There is nothing more to explain," said the judge. "That's the whole story—the detective's and mine. They are inside there still discussing the marriage problem with its various theoretical and sociological ramifications. We mustn't talk too loudly or we will interrupt them."

"But have they changed their minds?" Lucy begged.

"No," the judge returned with finality. "They have not changed their minds. The more they talk about the subject the more convinced they are that marriage as now conducted is all wrong. I have never known people to argue so long about one topic and never run out of material with which to convince each other that they were right in the first place."

"I'll put a stop to it. I will not have such a disgraceful conference in my drawing-room." John again made for the door, this time with the determination that Theodore hesitated to hold out against.

The judge, however, was equal to the emergency. He placed himself on the steps, in John's path, and raised his hand.

STOP!" he commanded. "You may go in there if you wish, and, as you say, put a stop to it. It's your own house. But will you make matters any better? These two people have decided that marriage is a hypocrisy as we know it. They have decided that it is only with love that God joins two souls together, and that the sanction of a mere scrap of paper with a big gilt seal on it is not at all necessary to substantiate the decree and good offices of God Himself. They believe that their union will be more holy than that into which you are forcing lit-

tle Jean, who is, of course, an old-fashioned girl, with no other possibilities ahead of her than marriage, and who is willing to be sacrificed by you. But Helen is a new kind of woman—a woman with a brain so well equipped that it is able to support her independence of just such men as you and Theodore and I. You are facing now what all society is bound to face, sooner or later, unless we men improve things—a strike of the new womanhood against marriage. Unless society wakes up and reforms its marriage rules, marriage as an earthly institution is doomed. What are you going to do about it? Can you stop it by bullying a woman and browbeating the man she

"But, Uncle Everett, I protest; I do not believe—"

"That is just the trouble. You do not believe. Of course you can't. So you will have to simulate belief. The end will justify the means, and you can have the comfort of thinking that even if you don't believe it, it's nevertheless true. We must admit to them that we have decided after all that marriage has numerous drawbacks. Then they will at once see its advantages. They are in an argumentative state of mind, and will be suspicious of whatever conclusions we, whose ideas they despise, arrive at. If we show that we, too, are skeptical of marriage, they will begin to think it must

us. When we are willing to let them go away together they will suspect that, since we are only able to judge by our own narrow beliefs, there must be something wrong about anything we would agree to. When they are brought to the stage of arguing against us, we will find a way to reach a compromise. You know, in this state, it is not necessary to have a marriage license in advance of the ceremony to validate it. It's just a matter of a fine for neglect of one of the amenities of the law. Just remember that."

Before the judge could finish his explanation of what he contemplated, Helen, Theodore and Dr. Hamilton appeared on the terrace. John held out his arms to Helen.

"My sister, you were right; I was wrong. Will you forgive me?"

Helen stopped short, looking about her, first at her brother, then at Lucy and the judge. In the faces of all she read the sign of approval, and apparently the sort of greeting a young woman might

expect from relatives who had gathered to approve the young man whom she had chosen to be her mate for life. The judge reassured her.

"We have talked it over as much as you have, Helen. John always said he was open to argument. He opened wide this time. Let him embrace you."

Dr. Hamilton, however, was not so easily convinced. He placed himself in the center of the group and faced them all.

"I do not understand," he exclaimed. "An hour ago you all—every one of you—were ready to suspect only the most sordid things of us. You sent a private detective to follow us. You evidently thought we were common—as licentious as you narrow, evil minded married folks. You thought we had gone to follow a path such as private detectives usually are hired to follow. You forgot we had asked for a week to announce our plans. You ordered us off this property.

We had to obey, that was all. Your subsequent actions, your suspicions, your expectations further convinced us that the married state is merely a state of fleshly barter, with no room for the entry and harboring of true love."

"That is all agreed, my dear doctor," the judge replied suavely, hastily interrupting the stormy reply that was framing itself on John's lips. "Theodore, John and Lucy all have agreed that marriage is a state unworthy of a woman of Helen's high mindedness and serious purpose and of your philosophical understandings. We are ready to help you establish a new principle—the principle of love in its antagonism to the state of marriage. We are ready to accept the verdict of Helen and you, Dr. Hamilton, upon your own righteousness rather than that of the state."

Helen turned to Ernest and held out her hand, tears playing lamently in her eyes. Dr. Hamilton took her hand, but his demeanor plainly expressed his inability to grasp the new aspect of the situation. In the silence that followed Helen, catching sight of Jean and Rex coming down the path toward the garden, could not accept the sudden surrender of the family without a further protest.

"It will be all right with us—but how about my sister Jean—she is still to be forced upon a man she does not like. Your abolition of me is not comprehensive enough."

The judge and Theodore were, for the



But Helen, startled at first when she comprehended, was not indignant.

loves? Why, you and Theodore, yes, and I myself—we are just funny little cowards, afraid of life, afraid of truth, afraid of love without we've paid \$2 for a license to have it. We worship lies when they are written down with a seal, so we can call them the edict of God."

"All right—all right!" interrupted John, without, however, attempting to pass the judge. "Maybe it all ought to be changed, but we can't change the world's notions about marriage and propriety and all that over night just to suit Helen. Maybe you know something to do about it?"

"If you will listen to me, obey my suggestions without question, I will find the lesser of two evils and straighten out the muddle."

"How?" they all asked with one breath.

"Easily, with a little diplomacy. Just by playing on human nature. But, first, you must all promise to follow my advice." They all nodded, quick to assent until, at least, they knew the judge's plan. "Then you, John, must humbly admit to Helen that she is right—that she does not have to marry; and you, Theodore, must admit to her that, with all the best intentions in the world, the church has made a muddle of monogamy."

be all right. If we still deny it has any drawbacks, they will see only each other and stand by their beliefs. In the end, of course, marriage must adjust itself to the new woman. But we, frankly, are too cowardly to let any of our own new women set themselves up as an example. We must adjust them to the old-established custom. In other words, you can't pull an unwilling dog into the house; let him alone, though, and he'll follow you in, licking your heels."

BUT that will be a bargaining with our conscience—" began Theodore, when the judge abruptly interrupted him.

"What we can't get by right we'll have to bargain for. You have talked enough, Theodore. Go into the house and ask Helen and the doctor to come out and receive John's blessing upon their contemplated union and its plan. Tell her we've all seen the error of our ways."

Theodore turned helplessly to John. The latter admitted his own defeat.

"We'll try anything; I'm willing—do as the judge says," John grumbled.

When Theodore had entered the house the judge explained his plan. Despite John's antagonism, he pledged John and Lucy to help him.

"We must keep them arguing against

slightly, showing a clear rim of ebony on either side.

"Kinda loose," he began. "I guess—"

Then something clicked, abruptly, within. The projecting tongue of one of the grinning demons snapped out sharply, twelve glistening inches of the most fragile Toledo steel.

McGraw sprang back with a startled

curse. The end had just grazed his hand. The second click ensued so speedily after the first one that they seemed almost simultaneous. All that remained to be seen was the leering devil, grinning as before, the tip of his tongue projecting.

Captain Mike McCafferty's face was a queer mottled gray, and his breath whistled audibly as it was expelled from his

thick chest. McGraw stared, fascinated, at the tiny line across the back of his hand from which the blood was beginning to trickle.

"Good Gawd!" muttered the captain hoarsely. "Good Gawd!"

He stared stupidly at the ancient Spanish engine of death and then back at the detective.

"Do you reckon Bill's spirit could be here now, Larry?" he asked slowly.

McGraw shook his head.

"Dunno," he muttered. Then he broke into shrill, hysterical laughter. "If Bill comes back," he said, "I'll bet he'll tip it off to the little girl that that isn't his lock of hair!"

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WHY MARRY?

Written by H. L. Gates from the play

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



JEAN tried to be brave, but broke down.

"Oh, you've been so unfair," she said to John, "to train me for nothing but this—marriage with a man who has money. I must

either marry the man I do not love or live on the bounty of a disapproving brother—or not live at all. Oh, how I envy Helen her independence! If I only had her chance to do as she wishes, despite all the money in the world!"

Before John could reply, Rex himself came into the garden. As John turned to go, Rex, with a sudden passion, took Jean in his arms and kissed her fervently again and again.

Jean, surprised, could not repel him. She struggled indignantly, however, until, when Rex had satisfied himself from her lips, she broke away from him.

"Ugh! How could you do such a thing?" she demanded, rubbing her cheek where his kisses had strayed.

"Because I love you, Jean; love you with my whole heart, and I want you," Rex replied simply.

Jean shuddered. She turned defiantly upon Rex and was about to order him to leave her, but she stopped with her dismissal unframed by her lips. She looked into his eager, admiring eyes; saw the sincerity with which they played, hungrily, about her own. Half turning her back upon him, she said softly:

"I have told you, Rex, I love another man. I have told you that he has kissed me, even as you kissed me now. Only when he kissed me I gave myself willingly to his caress; I surrendered my lips joyfully, and for each kiss from him I returned another just as warm. I have let his arms remain around me; I have nestled as close to him as I could creep under his arms—"

"Do you mean that you—has he the right—tell me!" Rex cried, incoherent in his sudden passion of jealous doubts; "tell me what you mean—quick!"

JEAN turned full upon him and answered quietly, but with intense meaning:

"Oh, I've merely been handled, Rex; not hurt, I assure you. I have been sentimental in the moonlight and in conservatories at parties, but never forgetful. I'm slightly shop-worn, but just as good as new."

Rex, unable to conceal his great relief nor the pleading in his heart, stepped close to her, controlling his arms with an effort:

"Why do you say such things to me, Jean; such horrible, unnecessary things?"

"Because," answered Jean, still without show of emotion, "yesterday I did you a great unkindness. I deserve to suffer for it. You don't think I like to talk that way about myself, do you? I am punishing myself for tricking you into a proposal of marriage when I did not love you."

"I have never heard a nice girl," Rex said, puzzled at this new exposition of feminine whims, "talk like that before."

"Naturally not," Jean agreed. "Usually 'nice' girls hide such things. It's an instinct in women—to keep their value. Often I've had thoughts and feelings which 'nice' girls of your artificial ideal are supposed never to have at all. Per-

fectly natural, too, in girls of my sort. We have so little to occupy our minds except 'men.' To have a useful, absorbing occupation—that rubs off the bloom and lowers our price in the market. You must admit that."

Rex could stand the cynicism of the situation no longer.

"Stop it, Jean; stop it!" he cried. "You do not need to rake yourself over the coals. If you are not going to marry me, say so, but—"

IF John and Lucy could have been witnesses to the scene and overheard Jean's interruption at this moment of Rex's appeal for a final answer from Jean, their hearts would have been glad.

"But that is just what I am going to do, Rex," Jean interposed with intense directness. "I am not going to be a dependent old maid. I have just wanted you to know what you are getting for your money—I'm honest; most girls are not. Do you want me?"

Rex was bewildered, aghast for a moment, but when he comprehended that Jean was giving herself to him he could sense nothing else in her surrender. He clasped her to him, passionately, and kissed her triumphantly. His self-assertiveness, his confidence, returned to him.

"I'll make you love me!" he declared joyously. "I'll bring a different light into those cold eyes. When we are married I'll awaken you. I'll make you forget every other man—you are to be mine, all mine!"

During his embrace Jean was passive. She held up her lips to be kissed, but as he took them she closed her eyes. Suddenly Rex held her away from him and looked at her with reproach.

"But, Jean, I do not want to marry an iceberg. Can't you care for me a little? Can't you give me part of your love now, and not wait until I have really earned it all? Haven't you any sentiment in your cynical little soul?"

"In my soul, yes," replied Jean. "It is only my body I'm selling, you know." Then, when Rex recoiled, Jean drew him to her and deliberately, though without passion, threw her arms about his neck, clinging close to him, and kissed him again and again—his lips, his eyes, and his cheeks—until Rex, his resentment against her coolness banished at last, responded with abandon. An amazed, reproachful exclamation from Theodore, who came into the garden without warning, interrupted the scene. Rex was startled, but Jean did not lose her self-possession.

"You needn't mind, Theodore," she said with simulated gayety; "Rex and I have come to an understanding. Will you solemnize our blessed union?"

"Not unless you truly love each other. It would not be sacred."

"Oh, but a large church wedding—that will make it sacred. A full choral service—that will make it expensive. All the smartest people invited—that surely will make the union of two souls doubly sacred, Theodore."

"Those who truly love—their friends should witness the solemn rite, but—"

"And my wedding gown will be white

satin with a point lace veil caught up with orange blossoms and a diamond tiara—the gift of the bridegroom, you know—that ought to make it solemn enough."

"The white veil is the symbol of purity, Jean—"

Jean laughed bitterly.

"Of purity—Rex, do you hear? Whenever you see a bride in the white symbol of purity, she is pure as the driven snow—the white veil proves it. That makes it all so beautiful! so holy! so very holy! holy! holy! holy!"

Both Rex and Theodore, at first recoiling, would have rushed to Jean—the one to protect her from her emotion with the kindness of his touch; the other to protest for himself with eager arms—but Jean turned from them, and with a hysterical cry ran into the house, brushing aside her brother John, who had been attracted to the garden by the sound of Jean's raised voice. Theodore would have followed her, but Rex pushed by him and bounded up the steps. Theodore, thus frustrated, turned upon John.

"You have won. Jean has been bullied into selling herself to Rex."

"Good! That's fine!" John exclaimed. "She's made a better bargain than if she had given herself for love alone. She'll have a better time out of 'fe."

"I am not convinced," Theodore returned, "that her union would be more moral than that proposed by her sister Helen. Until I am convinced I shall not perform the ceremony."

What might have been John's rejoinder to Theodore's announcement that he was more firmly decided than ever not to marry Jean and Rex unless there was a sign of the kind of love that endures to link their souls as well as those considerations which might make their match desirable to each other and Jean's family was interrupted by the arrival of the judge, who, out of breath, hurried into the garden, calling for John. Lucy, who had met him at the door when he drove up in his car, followed in his footsteps, excited by his haste and impatient to know what had been the result of his pursuit of Helen and Dr. Hamilton.

"Wait—wait until I get my breath," the judge pleaded to Lucy and John's impatience as he threw himself onto the garden bench and fanned himself with his motor cap.

JOHN saw disappointment for his plans in the judge's playing for time to make his report.

"I know; you needn't say a word," he said dejectedly. "My detective couldn't find them. They've got away. They've taken a train!"

"But didn't you see them? Didn't they listen to you?" Lucy cried, too eager for news to take into account the judge's apparent exhaustion from what seemed to have been a strenuous drive.

The judge answered both questions with a nod. Then, seeing that rest to get his breath was out of the question, he raised his hand, mutely promising an explanation as soon as he could speak coherently.

Lucy and John, and even Theodore, clustered about him with something of

the eagerness of school children waiting to hear from their teacher whether a tomorrow was to be a holiday.

"First, let me tell you, John, about your detective, and what he saw. He followed them direct to Helen's apartment."

John and Lucy could not restrain themselves.

"They dared to go to her apartments?" John exclaimed.

"She took him to, her rooms?" said Lucy, horrified.

"Yes, she took him straight to her rooms—not his," the judge continued. "But you will be disappointed in the detective's report. I was, I must admit."

"Did they throw him off the track? Did they escape through a back door? Have they really gone? For heaven's sake, man, tell us—don't beat about the bush!" John wanted the worst news rather than preliminary details.

"Just wait," the judge urged smoothly. "The detective followed me after he had followed them. He reported to me in town. He was disgusted with the results of his own labors. These private detectives expect so much, you know, especially from unmarried people. Really they are cynics of the most degraded type."

"Let's not have a sermon, Uncle Everett," Lucy interrupted; "leave that for Cousin Theodore."

ALL he reported," the judge continued, not heeding Lucy, "was that when they reached Helen's apartment Dr. Hamilton, instead of entering, merely raised his hat and, just as if he and Helen were engaged, or as if he were handing her home from a dance or something like that, he said 'Good afternoon,' and went away. It was dreadfully common, the detective said. He was gravely disturbed at the paucity of his details."

"He left her—at the door!" It was Theodore who, apparently, was after all the most relieved.

John, however, was not satisfied.

"Then what? There was something more, I'll wager!" he insisted.

"No, John; nothing more. He did not even kiss her good-by, such as you or I would have done in the days when we were as young as Dr. Hamilton and had just declared an intention to elope with a pretty girl. He merely raised his hat, bowed low, held her hand for a moment, and walked away. She closed the door very easily, and the detective could see nothing more."

"You are holding something back; I can see it," said John suspiciously.

"Only until I come to it in sequence," the judge assured his auditors.

"Then tell us the worst—quick!" cried Lucy.

"The worst really did not happen. When I received the detective's report I was sure there was no further need for his services. The elopement, it seemed, was temporarily postponed. With such a barrier as an apartment door separating Helen from the man she said she wanted to run away with but not marry, why what could a detective find to appease his curiosity? So I decided to bring them together myself and be my own witness to their behavior in each other's company. I knew you would want some sort of an account more interesting than that of your sleuth's."

John, Theodore and Lucy were exasperated by the judge's cool cynicism. They crowded about him again, demand-